

Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,

VOL. III.—NO 50.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

CLARKSBURG, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1854.

(EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.)

WHOLE NO. 154

TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg Va, every Wednesday morning, at \$2.00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscription, the termination of six months \$2.00 will invariably be charged. No subscription received for less than six months. All papers will be discontinued, except on payment of those who do not desire their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

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GAMBLING AT WIESBADEN.

Ireneous, (Rev. S. I. Prime) in one of his letters to the N. Y. Observer, from Germany, gives a sketch of Wiesbaden, the celebrated watering place, including the following account of the Kursaal, one of the greatest gambling establishments on the Continent:

"And now, let us drop in at the Kursaal, a long and imposing building on one side of the square, which colonades line the other two sides with all manner of shops for the display of fancy articles for sale. This Kursaal is the temple of Wiesbaden, the greatest gambling house of Germany, and having something of a national establishment character about it. With that strange, but very common fallacy by which governments as well as individuals often deceive themselves into the belief, that what cannot be prevented must be licensed in order to regulate it, the government sells a license to a company to set up gambling tables here, and a handsome revenue is secured to the Grand Duke by the operation. The company pay to the government about \$25,000 a year for the license, and besides this they are obliged to lay out a large sum in keeping the houses and grounds in order. Will you walk in?"

"What, into a gambling house?"

"Why everybody seems to be going in, and it is now about time to dine; this is the great eating house of the place."

Well let us go in and see what is going on. In the dining-room, or if you prefer to eat under the shade of the trees behind, you may order a dinner of a dozen different dishes, which would cost you about as much pence as you would pay of shillings for such a dinner in London.

These two magnificent saloons are twice a week the scene of gay balls, where princes, nobles and common mingles in the merriest dances in which the Germans ever engage, with a sprinkling of French and English, with titles and without. But now these halls are silent, although hundreds of men and women are in them. They are all crowded around a large table, one in the centre of each room. Not a word is heard. On the sofas around the walls a few listless loungers are sitting, but the rest are standing at the tables, while perhaps twenty are scattered. None may sit down except those who play. The game is *jeu de la roulette*. The manager at the table where we are standing, sits by a wheel, the players place their money, as much as they please, but not less than a dollar, on whatever number or color they chose; the wheel is whirled, a little ball flies out and falls upon a number; the manager announces it, and the fate of each player is instantly decided. Some have won, some have lost, more of the latter than of the former of course, for the bank must win in the long run, or it could not pay the great sum demanded for the license, and make fortunes for the managers besides.

I am intensely interested in studying the game and the company. Here just in front of me is a genteel looking man, moustache and clear white skin, rather too much dressed to be a gentleman; he is playing high, but not with silver; he never lays down less than a Napoleon, and often five, and sometimes more of them at once. He wins every time, and thrusting out his little wooden scraper, draws in his double bill and adds it to the heap at his side. He loses this time; he plays but a single coin the next, loses that, and rises at once from his seat and leaves the house. That man never plays when he thinks luck is turning against him. The next one to him on the same side of the table seems to be a fixture; but he does not play always. His doctrine of chances must be a secret, and he watches the game as if he could tell just when the right time comes to venture his silver, for he never risks gold. For an hour he made no gains, but he is hoping to do better, and seems to be very sure that he will begin to win soon, for he has been losing so long the tide must change.

You never saw ladies in a gambling-house, did you? There are several around this table. Here is one standing at my shoulder, pleading in an undertone of voice with an elderly man, who may be her father, or husband, or more likely than either, her friend, for a fresh supply of florins, as her purse is empty. He pretends to be absorbed in the game that the rest are playing, but she is importunate and he turns; she then has his eye, and looks so importunately, that he yields and fills her purse. I saw her lay down those florins, two or three of them at a time, fluttering like a frightened pigeon sometimes, revealing her disappointment when she lost, and her joy as clearly when she won; but the tide was against her, and before she quit the table, the purse was emptied again; and there was no smiling when she took her old man's arm and marched out of the hall as mad as a March hare.

But I have been watching with more interest than any of these, a woman of rare beauty at the corner of the table in front of me. Five hours ago she was there; she may have been out for refreshments, but she is a *habitué* of this house. Dressed in a rich black silk, with a neat collar, and stomacher and scarf, she would be taken for a lady had she less jewelry; but those bracelets, and chains and charms are rather too rich and many for such a place. No gentleman is here who seems to stand in any relationship to that splendid creature. She plays on her own account.

But women will show their feelings; and with all her effort at calmness and indifference, the tell-tail blood as it flies in to her face, or rushes back to her heart, leaving her white as marble, discloses the struggle that is heaving in her bosom. She has not played for five or six minutes; her head has rested on her hand, and her ivory arm, as it stands up there, has been glanced at even by those who seem to be engrossed in the game. She plays again and loses, and now she has placed her hand quietly on her forehead, as if it ached. It was for a moment only; she recovered and instantly threw out double her usual stakes, and saw them swept away without a sigh. It was exciting to see her. Involuntarily my sympathies were with her, and I was wishing that she might be the winner every throw she made. Who was she? Nobody but a girl, ruined, wretched woman; one of those that throng these watering places, bankrupt in fortune and reputation; the least of their vices is gambling, and if the love of money was the worst of their passions, they would be pure as they are beautiful.

With the dukes and duchesses, the lords and ladies, the sharpers, blacklegs and peddlars of all sorts, and the travellers who resort in summer time to those fountains of health and pleasure, come these gay women; and as they roll through the streets in their splendid carriages, or sail into the ballroom at midnight, you might mistake them for the greatest ladies in the land.

"Never buy a book by the cover," said my Irish coachman at Dublin; and the advice is quite as good in Germany.

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than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him both in storm and sunshine. We may add, that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the north to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who had loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts, and better wives.

For the Register.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY RACHEL E. HARTER.

Summer! sweet Summer! oh tarry awhile,
We love thy light step and thy spirit-like smile;
Thine emerald mantle, embroidered with flowers,
By thy tearful-eyed sister, with sunbeams and showers;

Thy voice in the waters melodious flow,
Summer! loved Summer! oh why wilt ye go?

We love the calm eve, when the winds are at rest!
When the world in the presence of silence is blest,
When the moon seems an island of light in the sky,
And the stars like bright sails on the liquid blue lie,

When the dew-drops are glittering like fairy's array,
But, Summer, with these pass its beauties away.

We love the gay morn, when the tops of the trees
To each other are nodding, and on the breeze
The fairies are fleeing from revels of night,
In mist-reveled, to cover their flight,
And ye pour on the air a full chorus of song,
But Summer! loved Summer! ye bear it along.

Linger yet longer— it may be in vain
That we dream of betholding thy glories again;
Unless in some land where the spirit sojourns,
Thy beautiful presence forever abides;
Or the soul may come back to the scenes of its birth,
When thy light and thy song shall re-visit the earth.

But leave us not, Summer, to Autumn's breath now,
Too coldly she layeth her hand on our brow;
And she flideth the welcome, a sigh and a tear,
That greets the first step of her haughty career,
While the winds are all tolling a sorrowful knell,
As ye leave us, sweet Summer, to echo farewell.

Farewell! She hath left us, and Autumn, in wrath,
Disrobed the tree-tops to mantle her path—
The song-birds grow silent, and withering lie
The flowers on their earth-graves, as she passeth by,
While the pride in her eye, and the ice in her heart,
Make us shrink from her presence, and bid her depart.

Pleasant Grove, Sept. 1, 1854.

From Palou's History of Cuba.

STERN JUSTICE AND AWFUL PUNISHMENT.

During the first year of Tacon's Governorship in Cuba, a young Creole girl, named Miralda Estalez, kept a little cigar store in the Calle de Mercaderes, and her shop was the resort of all the young men of the town who loved a choicely made and superior cigar. Miralda was only 17, without father or mother living, and earned a humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufactory we have named, and by the sales of her little store. She was a picture of ripened tropical beauty, with a finely rounded form, a lovely face, of soft, olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times, there was a dash of language in her dreamy eye that would have warmed an anchorite; and then her cheerful jests were so delicate yet free that she had unwillingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young merchants in the Calle de Mercaderes. But she dispensed her favors without partiality; none of the rich and gay exquisites of Havana could say they had ever received any particular acknowledgement from the fair young girl to their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another a few words of pleasant gossip, but to none did she give her confidence, except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle, on the opposite side of the harbor.

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance, and association, and pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart, and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardent romantic in his fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader among the boatmen in the harbor for reason of his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his quick-witted sagacity was often turned for the benefit of his comrades. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbor since a boy, for he had followed his calling of a waterman from boyhood, as his fathers had before him. Miralda in turn ardently loved Pedro; and when he came at night and sat in the back part of her little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop, on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a tiny sail in the prow of his boat, and securing the little stern awning over Miralda's head, would steer out into the gulf and coast along the romantic shore.

There was a famous route, well known at this time in Havana, named Counte Almonte, who had frequently visited Miralda's shop and conceived quite a passion for the girl, and indeed, he had grown to be one of her most liberal customers. With a cunning shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, the Counte besieged the heart of his intended victim without his appearing to do so, and carried on his plan of operations for many weeks before the innocent girl even suspected his possessing a partiality for her, until one day she was surprised by a pres-

ent from him of so rare and costly a nature, as to lead her to suspect the donor's intentions at once, and to promptly decline the proffered gift. Undismayed by this, still the Counte continued his profuse patronage in a way which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint.

At last, seizing upon what he considered a favorable moment, Counte Almonte declared his passion to Miralda, beseeching her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estates at Cerito, near the city, and offered all the promises of wealth, favor and fortune; but in vain. The pure-minded girl scorned his offer and bade him never more to insult her by visiting her shop. Abashed but not confounded, the Counte retired, but only to weave a new snare whereby he could entangle her, for he was not one to be so easily thwarted.

One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was settling over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the little cigar shop, when a young man, wearing a Lieutenant's insignia, entered and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalez, to which she timidly responded.

"Then you will please to come with me."

"By what authority?" asked the trembling girl.

"The order of the Governor General."

"Then I must obey you," she answered, and prepared to follow him at once. Stepping to the door with her, the young officer directed his men to march on, and getting into a volante, told Miralda they would drive to the guard house. But to the surprise of the girl, she soon discovered that they were rapidly passing the city gates, and immediately were dashing off on the road to Cerito. Then it was that she began to fear that some trick had been played upon her, and these fears were soon confirmed by the volante's turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Counte Almonte. It was in vain to expostulate now; she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officer and soldiers where his own people who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Counte Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence, that her wishes should be respected in all things save her personal liberty; that he trusted, in time, to persuade her to look more favorably upon him, and that in all things he was her slave. She replied contemptuously to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself, though watched by his orders at all times to prevent her escape.

She knew very well that the power and will of Counte Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart; and yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The stiletto is the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miralda had been used to wear one even in her store, against contingency; but she now regarded the tiny weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom.

Small was the clue by which Pedro Mantanez discovered the trick of Counte Almonte. First this was not, then that circumstance, and these being put together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last satisfied that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the order of San Felipe, he sought Counte Almonte's gates at a favorable moment, met Miralda, cheered her with fresh hopes, and retired to arrange some plan for her delivery. There was time to think now; heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe—that is, not in immediate danger—and he could breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise; he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purpose to the Counte, and his own liberty, by some means, be thus jeopardized. He could only consider with himself—he must be his own counsellor in this critical case.

At last, as if in despair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed to himself—"Why not go to head-quarters at once? Why not see the Governor General, and tell him the whole truth? Ah! see him? How is that to be effected? And then this Counte Almonte is a nobleman! They say Tacon loves justice. We shall see. I will go to the Governor General; it cannot do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can but try." And Pedro did seek the Governor. True, he did not at once get audience to him—not the first, nor the third time; but he persevered, and was admitted at last. Here he told his story in a free, manly voice, undisguised and open in all things, so that Tacon was pleased.

"And the girl?" asked the Governor General, over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered, "Is she thy sister?"

"No, Excellencia, she is dearer still; she is my betrothed."

The Governor bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to the boatman, as he regarded him searchingly, said:

"Swear that what you have related to me is true, as you hope for heaven!"

"I swear!" said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence. The Governor turned to his table and wrote a few brief lines, and touching a bell, summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the captain of the guard to him. Prompt as were all who had any connection with the Governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and receiving the written order, with directions to bring Counte Almonte and a young girl named Miralda, immediately before him. Pedro was sent to an ante-room, and the business of the day passed on as usual in the reception hall of the Governor.

Less than two hours had transpired when the Counte and Miralda stood before Tacon. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued to herself that her fate could not be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might.

"Counte Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here."

"Excellencia, I fear that I have been indiscreet," was the reply.

"You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purposes upon this young girl, did you not?"

"Excellencia, I cannot deny it."

"Declare upon your honor, Counte Almonte, whether she is an unarmed whom you have kept a prisoner."

"Excellencia, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof," was the truthful reply.

The Governor turned and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions to the Counte, while he made some minutes upon paper. Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and as he entered, the Governor General turned his back for one moment as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed in the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment, and the next, Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacon. A few moments more and the Governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office.

"Holy father," said Tacon, "you will bind the hands of this Counte Almonte and Miralda Estalez together in the bonds of wedlock."

"Excellencia!" exclaimed the Counte, in amazement.

"Not a word, Senor; it is your part to obey."

"My nobility, Excellencia!"

"Is forfeited!" said Tacon.

Counte Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of Tacon's mode of administering justice and of enforcing his own will, to dare rebel, and he doggedly yielded in silence. Poor Pedro, not daring to speak, was half crazed to see the prize he had so long coveted thus about to be torn from him. In a few moments the ceremony was performed, the trembling and bewildered girl not daring to thwart the Governor's orders, and the priest declared them husband and wife. The captain of the guard was summoned and despatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments Counte Almonte, completely subdued and broken-spirited, was ordered to return to his plantation. Pedro and Miralda were directed to remain in an adjoining apartment to that which had been the scene of this singular procedure. Counte Almonte mounted his horse, and with a single attendant, soon passed out of the city gates. But hardly had he passed the corner of the Paseo, when a dozen muskets fired a volley upon him, and he fell a corpse upon the road.

His body was quietly removed, and the captain of the guard, who had witnessed the act, made a minute upon his order as to the time and place, and mounting his horse, rode to the Governor's palace, entering the presence chamber just as Pedro and Miralda were once more summoned before the Governor.

"Excellencia," said the officer, returning the order, "it is executed!"

"Is the Counte dead?"

"Excellencia, yes."

"Proclaim, in the usual manner, the marriage of Counte Almonte and Miralda Estalez, and also that she is his legal widow, possessed of his titles and estate. See that the proper officer attends her to the Counte's estate, and enforces this decision." Then, turning to Pedro Mantanez, he said, "No man or woman in this island is so humble but they may claim justice of Tacon!"

A HORSE ADVENTURE.

My father, beside being in the mercantile line and keeping the village tavern, also ran a freight wagon to Norfolk, and kept a small livery stable. He was fond of a joke, and had a sly, peculiar, waggish grin in his nature, which led him frequently to turns of some pretty caustic tricks.

On one occasion a young man named Nelson Beers, applied to him for the use of a horse to ride to Danbury, a distance of three miles. Nelson was an apprentice in the shoe-making business, nearly out of his time, and was not overstocked with brains, and lived a mile and a half East of our village. My father thought it would be better for Nelson to make his short journey on foot, than to be at the expense of hiring a horse, but he did not tell him so. We had an old horse named "Bob," that having reached an age beyond his teens, was turned out in a bog lot near our house to die.

He was literally a "living skeleton," and was much in the same condition of the Yankee's nag, which was as weak his owner had to draw his neighbor's horse to help him to draw his last breath. My father, therefore, in reply to Nelson's application, told him that the horses were all out, and that he had none at home except a famous "race horse," which he was keeping in low land in order to have him in proper trim to win a great race soon to come off.

"Oh do let me have him, I will ride him very carefully and not injure him in the least," said Nelson Beers.

"He is too valuable an animal to risk in the hands of a young man like you," responded my father.

Nelson continued to importune and my father to play off, until it was finally agreed that the horse could be had on the condition that he should in no case be rode faster than a walk or a slow trot, and that he should be fed four quarts of oats at Danbury. Nelson started on his Rosinante, looking for all the world as if he was on a mission to the "carrion crows," but he felt every inch a man, for

he fancied himself astride of the greatest race horse in the country, and realized that a great responsibility was resting upon his shoulders, for the last words of my father to him were, "Nelson if any accident should happen to this animal while under your charge you could not pay the damage in a life-time of labor."

Old "Bob" was duly oiled and watered at Danbury, and at the end of several hours Mr. Beers mounted him and started for Bethel. He concluded to take the great pasture road home, that being the name of a new road cut through swamps and meadows, as a shorter route to our village. Nelson, for once forgetting his responsibility, probably tried the speed of his race horse, and soon broke him down. At all events, something occurred to weaken old Bob's nerves; for he came to a stand-still, and Nelson was forced to dismount. The horse trembled with weakness, and Nelson Beers trembled with fright. A small brook was running through the bog at the road-side and Beers, thinking that perhaps his "race horse" needed a drink, led him into the stream. Poor old "Bob" got stuck in the mud, and not having strength to withdraw his feet, quietly closed his eyes, and like a patriarch as he was, he dropped into the soft bed that was awaiting him, and gave up the ghost without a single kick.

No language can describe the consternation of poor Beers. He could not believe his eyes. He tried to open those of his horse, but it was no go. He placed his ear at the mouth of poor old "Bob," but took it away again in utter dismay. The breath had ceased. At last Nelson, groaning as he thought of meeting my father, and wondering whether eternally, added to time, would be long enough for him to earn the value of the horse, took the bride from the "dead head," and unbuckling the girth, drew off the saddle, and placing it on his own back trudged gloomily toward our village.

It was about sundown when my father espied his victim coming up the street with the saddle and bridle thrown across his shoulders, his face wearing a look of the most complete despair. My father was certain that old "Bob" had departed this life, and he clucked inwardly and quietly, but instantly assumed a most serious countenance. Poor Beers approached more slowly and mournfully than if he was following a dear friend to the grave.

When he came within hailing distance, my father called out, "Why Beers, is it possible you have been so careless as to let that race-horse run away from you?"

"Oh, worse than that, worse than that, uncle Phil," groaned Nelson.

"Worse than that? Then he has been stolen by some judge of valuable horses! Oh, what a fool I was to entrust him to anybody!" exclaimed my father with well feigned sorrow.

"No he ain't stolen, uncle Phil," said Nelson.

"Not stolen? Well I am glad of that, for I shall recover him again, but where is he? I am afraid you have lamed him."

"Worse than that," drawled the unfortunate Nelson.

"Well, what is the matter? Where is he? What ails him?" asked my father.

"Oh, I can't tell you—I can't tell you," said Beers with a groan.

"But you must tell me," returned my father.

"It will break your heart," groaned Beers.

"To be sure it will, if he is seriously injured," replied my father, "but where is he?"

"He is dead!" said Beers, as he nervously hid his face from the announcement, and then closing his eyes, sunk into a chair completely overcome with fright.

My father gave a groan that started Nelson to his feet again. All the sensations of pain, despair, horror, and intense agony were depicted to the life on my father's countenance.

"Oh, uncle Phil, uncle Phil, don't be too hard upon me, I wouldn't have had it happen for all the world," said Beers.

"You can never recompense me for that horse," replied my father.

"I know it, I know it, uncle Phil. I can only work for you as long as I live, but you shall have my services till you are satisfied, after my apprenticeship is finished," return Beers.

After a short time my father became calm, and although apparently not reconciled to his loss, he asked Nelson how much he supposed he ought to owe him.

"I don't know—I am no judge of the value of blood horses, but I have been told they are worth fortunes, sometimes," replied Beers.

"And mine was one of the best in the world, said my father, and in such a perfect condition for running—all bone and sinew."

"O yes, I saw that," said Beers despondingly, but with a frankness that showed he did not wish to deny the great claims of the horse and his owner.

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